



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TLS

18 AUGUST 1972
No. 3,677

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY 25 AUGUST 1972 • No. 3,678 • Price 10p



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General Gwinn

The Nigerian fratricide

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JOSEPH OKPAKU (Editor): *Nigeria: Dilemma of Nationhood* 422pp. Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood. \$14.

NTIEYONG U. AKPAN: *The Struggle for Secession, 1966-1970* 225pp. Cass. £3.50.

ZDENEK CERNKA: *The Nigerian War, 1967-1970* 459pp. Frankfurt: Bernard and Graefe. DM56.

JOHN OYINBO: *Nigeria: Crises and Beyond* 214pp. Charles Knight. £2.50.

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For further particulars, please apply to: Charlotte Coulson, T.L.S., Printing House Square, London, EC4P 4DE. 01-238 2000, ext. 280.

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Expanding the limits of the known

MIROSLAV HOLUB:

Although
Translated by Ian and Jarmila Milner
77pp. Cape. 90p (paperback, 40p).

VLADIMIR HOLAN:

Selected Poems
Translated by Ian and Jarmila Milner
127pp. Penguin. Paperback, 30p.

Superficially, these two Czech poets would seem to have much in common: they both write in free verse, their poems tend to progress from a concrete image to an abstract message of two or three lines, and their style is terse to the point of starkness, shunning the colourful adjective.

Miroslav Holub is the younger and perhaps the better-known of the two, having achieved a degree of popularity in Britain by an earlier selection published by Penguin Books as well as by his participation in poetry readings here in 1968 and 1969. *Although*, which is compiled from selections from four original Czech volumes, though mostly undated, suggests a development towards greater complexity of thought and imagery, while persevering in the quest for a particular kind of transcendence.

For Holub, a research scientist by profession, this has little to do with the mysteries of the spirit: in his view, the "romantic human" is not human, but a retreat from the human "and" "n" cosmologist is more free than a sage in the state of levitation. Clearly, he does not abhor the modern technological world, but contemplates it rather as a stage on the road to perfection and to the creation of a higher form of order, to be achieved by a conscious evolutionary effort.

Poetry evidently is to him a part of the struggle against the as yet un-

known: "a poet is against emptiness," he writes, and "emptiness begins where the limits of man end." Expanding these limits is the purpose of poet and man.

Similar insights into Holub's humanist ideology are provided by short essays in prose excerpted from a volume whose title has been adopted for the whole collection. It may be asked, however, whether such refined thoughts of a scientific mind, transcribed into verse, can still be called poetry. The word "Although" seems to be the answer, implying the presence of an element of marginal doubt, of puzzles unexplained in spite of the constant search, which only the immediacy of poetry, "one of the first things of man," can resolve.

The cerebral quality of Holub's poems, the conciseness and fine structure of his figurative language, require considerable intellectual effort on the part of the reader, but the rewards are high and one should not be put off by the scientific jargon which crops up occasionally in expressions like "endothermic filth" or "anacrophal stool-pigeon" or "pre- and retropharyngeal ganglia". They may actually enhance the precision Holub is aiming at, though they do not exactly correspond with his wish, de-

clared elsewhere, that he would like people "to read poems as naturally as they read the papers, or go to a football game".

While Holub strives to justify order in the primeval chaos and to prevent emptiness from filling the space which should belong to humanity, presenting a transcendental view based ultimately on philosophical materialism of a subtle nature, Vladimir Holan's mind works along metaphysical lines. Some aspects of his poetry may even run contrary to Holub's tenets, especially the sometimes impenetrable baroque rhetoric.

The title of one of the poems in this selection, "Ubi nullus ordo, sed perpetuus horror"—sums up the attitude of a man who nearly fell victim to a spiritual murder. The poetry which he had written between some, and he was renowned mainly for his neologisms. In the general mood of elation after the Second World War, he published two long poems of gratitude to the Soviet Union for the liberation of the country, but after the communist takeover in 1948 he was, by what Ian Milner calls "one of the absurd yet tragic ironies in which recent Czechoslovak history abounds", accused of every

possible decadent sin and completely silenced until 1963. When he could publish again, he was recognized as one of the greatest living Czech poets and two years later, on his sixtieth birthday, was awarded the title of National Artist, which is another of those ironies, considering the present atmosphere in Czechoslovakia.

I have been speaking for fifteen years and I have dragged the wall here out of my own hell so that it can now tell you all...

—he wrote in 1963, and his soliloquies show what horrors can be inflicted on a sensitive and creative mind by a brutal Authority. Of these, the one addressed "To the Enemy" is a particularly shattering indictment of sterile totalitarianism.

Holan's poetry is difficult to describe. Holub may be at times obscure, but this is not done intentionally: he just presumes that everybody can share in the complexity of his thinking. With Holan, it is part of the method of forcing "the act to become image" in a semantic struggle where "music cannot and the word is unwilling". The result is a kind of mysticism where it is rather the idea of a word than the word itself which

conveys the meaning. The harmony "permeated the gaping nothingness. It has acquired an only-god that of man and it is progress, but the progress of obscurity in the space of time." The only thing is to conquer it: "simply by writing a book about the already in the time."

In both cases, the poet faced with highly charged emotions, except perhaps for the one final line, "I'll have in me to do for me." "Bill Fight" into three lines, "The day was set in the Second World War, the day when the author was a year old, childhood things, and 'red' blood which was to take an interest in the bull's shoulder-blade."

There are echoes of Dylan Thomas in Holan's very much more unashamedly descriptive naturalism. The day was set in the Second World War, the day when the author was a year old, childhood things, and "red" blood which was to take an interest in the bull's shoulder-blade. Holan is very much more unashamedly descriptive naturalism. The day was set in the Second World War, the day when the author was a year old, childhood things, and "red" blood which was to take an interest in the bull's shoulder-blade.

MICHAEL JOSEPH:

The Road to Realness

119pp. Chatto and Windus. £1.50.

Nothing really happens, except that war is declared and the local Territorials go off to do their bit. The community continues on its way, far from the eye of the hurricane, and with every page a picture is being drawn of a unique and eccentric place and the remarkable people who lived there. "We were descended," writes Mr. Summers, "from those who had come from all over the world to South Wales when this was still the Wild West of the Industrial Revolution, and we were the ones who were washed up and left behind by the retreating tide of industrial prosperity."

Rumni was a great Chartist centre in the early nineteenth century, and has kept alive a fiercely radical tradition. Amazing people, from the preachers (reformed drinkers every one) to the descendants of Spanish immigrants, who have held on to their distinctive culture among the beer and Woodbines and dominoes. There are first-rate character sketches and many graphic anecdotes; but the line-drawings which crop up here and there in the text (theater, horses, churchyard) are much too sweet.

The road to realness

ANTHONY PAUL:

Down the Rabbit Hole

208pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.

Unfairly, the novel that is an "easy read"—accomplished, well-paced, absorbing, rather than knotted up in sensitivity—seems to be at a disadvantage with lit critics. Accomplished equals facile; hypersensitive means profound. Anthony Paul's novel is entertaining and easy to read; but it is also a good and serious exploration of a theme.

What is the central character, Michael, lacks and looks for in realness: real feeling, real sex, real poetry: alienness. Once he painted; now he works as deputy features editor in a small room looking out on nothing and furnished with two filing-cabinets and a faded Playmate—the second circle of hell, as someone remarks later. His marriage is as faded and phoney as the Playmate; and when he discovers one of his early pictures in an actress's collection, when his wife temporarily leaves him, he plunges down the rabbit hole into a wonderful land of painting, travel, beautiful sex with the actress and easy living in her rich and rare ménage. All this is as vividly evoked as was the dra-

brothers in inaction

of him, is well developed and per-

captive in its emotional implications;

quiet sensitivity, that sort of care-

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way, the author's desire to circum-

vent action in order to sustain the

investigatory tone of the book re-

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moved through the curtains down-

way into the bedroom. Phyllis was

there sitting on the edge of the bed.

In one hand she held a stick...

The chapter ends on the ellipsis,

the intention being, one assumes, to

exclude the climactic. Instead, the im-

pression given is of a burst of dis-

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tion to tune in to next week's grip-

ping instalment.

In a narrative which is trying to be

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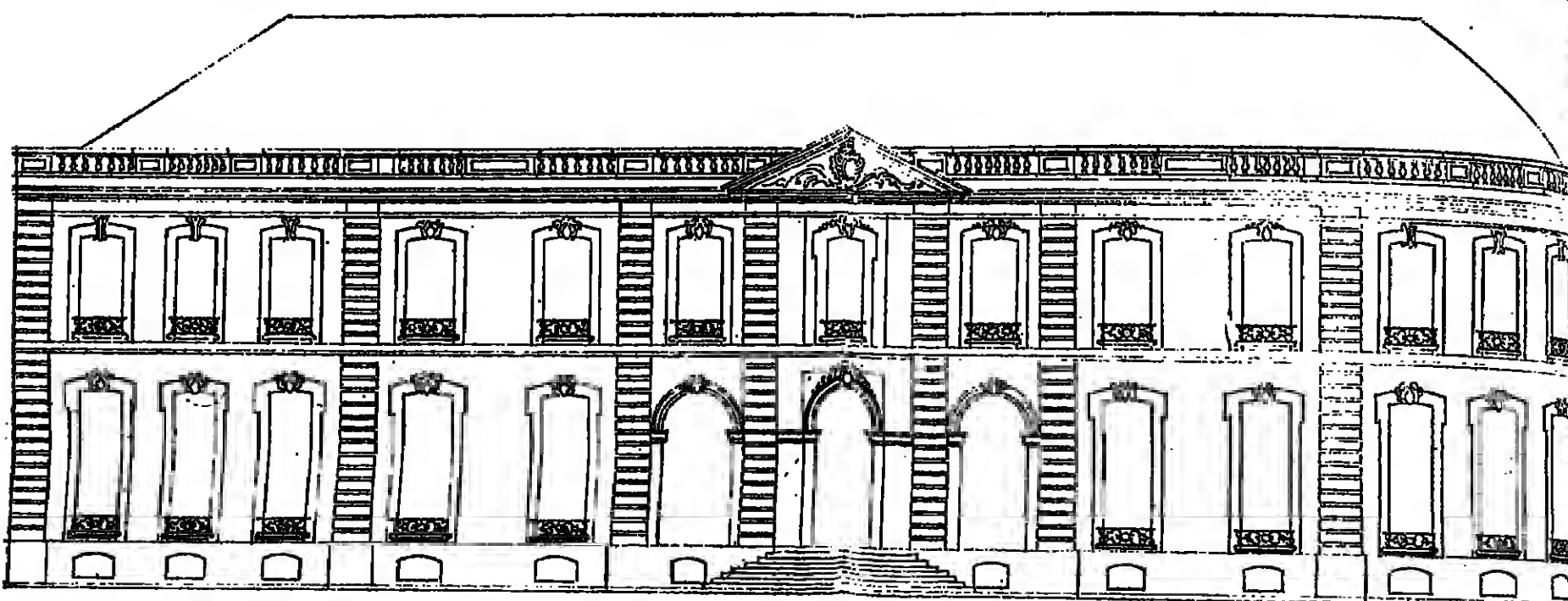
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Jouit Comtanne: Hôtel de Noirmontiers, Rue de Grenelle (1723)

hôpital" (attached to the church of the same name)

doit servir pour une espèce de malade épidémique, nommée le mal de Saint-Antoine, laquelle a duré en France l'espace de 4 ou 5 siècles, mais qui a cessé comme plusieurs autres incommodités populaires: entre autres, les Ardons, la Ladrerie, le Ph. Saint-Antoine, le mal de Saint-Martin, de Saint-Martin, et plusieurs autres, les-quelles ne sont plus connues, que par la lecture des vieux auteurs.

He repeatedly insists on the difficulty of supplying such an immense population with an adequate water supply—a problem of which present-day planners of "le Grand Paris" are only too well aware—and refers to the poor quality of the water at the disposal of the inhabitants of Saint-Antoine. A convinced urbanist himself, he frequently complains of the lack of light and the recurrence of accidents caused by such massive obstructions as the Grand Châtelet and the Bastille ("cette masse énorme de bâtiments gothiques enfermée d'un fossé profond gâté d'arrangement d'un quartier, en comptant l'alignement de la rue Saint-Antoine, du côté de la Villo & du côté du Faubourg"). The abbé would have been the first to applaud July 14, 1789.

He provides further information on the subject of fairs, popular morality, circulation and redistribution. As from 1705, the Foire Saint-Laurent would open on July 24, going on to Michaelmas. The Foire de Saint-Germain ran from February 3 to Holy Week, much too long in the opinion of Brice, who lived in the area, as it provided a magnet to gambling, fistfights, drunkenness and turbulence, especially at dusk. A crime very common among building labourers was the theft of lead off the roofs of buildings in construction, one "roofer" throwing the stolen lead down to his accomplice, waiting in a neighbouring courtyard (la cour) thus offered advantages other than those of prestige).

Of all the streets in Paris, that of Saint-Jacques and its prolongation in the Faubourg witnessed the heaviest circulation of people, horses and goods, with forty wine-carts a day penetrating Paris from the south. The rue Saint-Antoine, on the other hand, had above all a representational role, in the calendar of the monarchy: it was the route of all state entries, while ambassadors, about to present their credentials, were given a shrovetide escort at its eastern end. The execution of counterfeiters and forgers, the sometimes learned abbé notes, often took place near a place called la Croix du Tiroir, rue Saint-Honoré, because it was near the old mint (the beautiful inn where the guynes was built long after Brice's death).

There was a time and a place for everyone and for everything in this traditional world, a world always best described by churchmen. There was a place even for repentant prostitutes with the "communauté de Saint-Valère", rue de Grenelle, founded in 1706, while unemployed female servants were looked after, for periods of three days, at the hôpital Saint-Catherine; in return, they

had to wash and hurry the city's daily supply of uncleaned dead. There was a time for singing, and the place was the chapel of the Filles de l'Assomption, renowned for the quality of their voices, who would draw vast congregations during Holy Week.

As a churchman, and with his intimate knowledge of the calendar of saints popular with Parisians, Brice can often reach down to a level of popular mores denied in a middle-class observer like Mercier. Indeed, his book offers a striking contrast between the fixity, the immutability of popular habit and fears, and the immense and painful changes being wrought by the ruthless expansion of the city westwards and by the equally heartless demolition of whole quarters in the interests of alignment and to display the newly acquired wealth in "la grande parade" of the *gens des finances* and war speculators. Perhaps nowhere is incipient class conflict more apparent and more bitter than in the beautiful, but astonishing architecture of the new town houses. Brice himself felt this, when he mused intensely on the fate of Babylon and Palmyra. It is even more apparent in M. Gallet's book.

Only an art historian or an architectural expert could form an opinion of Brice's ability as a scholar and a connoisseur. Certainly he had the modesty to accept the criticisms of his contemporaries when he made factual errors. He had a genuine admiration for early church Gothic, though he complained that most of the Paris churches were dark and gloomy. But he had little taste for the later stages of Gothic and regarded Saint-Etienne-du-Mont as an architectural monstrosity. His taste tells us more about his attitudes as a moderate Gallien than as a critic. He must have disapproved, for instance, of the ostentatious Jesuit churches, which he contrasted with the primitive simplicity of pure Gallien tradition, and it is quite apparent that his poor opinion of Jesuit architecture would have been extended to the Society itself. He was in this respect very much of an eighteenth-century abbé, as he was also in his dislike of monastic extensions and his belief that the contemplative orders served no useful social functions; he did, however, have plenty to say in praise of the nuns who were in hospital orders.

Wanton destruction of buildings

Perhaps the main impression one retains from his book is one of sadness at so much wanton destruction. From his account, it is apparent that the dreadful Hottelmann was not the only culprit. Brice mentions a number of churches that had been pulled down in the early years of the eighteenth century, and if he had been a Leutenants de Police, and not just a comfortable and easy-going tutor to well-born, if not well-bred, young Rhinelanders, Poles and Saxons, it is clear that he would have

used his powers to remove several public buildings, either because he thought they were ugly, or because they blocked the road, caused accidents, cast shadows over the neighbourhood, or, crime of crimes, broke the alignment of a recently planned street.

M. Gallet is at present Deputy Keeper of the Musée Carnavalet. No one could have been better qualified to write a study of Paris domestic architecture in the course of the eighteenth century, and his knowledge and tastes of the architects, engravers, carpenters, painters, jewellers, goldsmiths and craftsmen who embellished them is prodigious. His book, as well as containing a very large number of very beautiful plates, plans and drawings (some of which are now at Waddesdon), offers a list of leading architects, with their biographical details. The study (very well illustrated), which has never been published in French, is an indispensable guide to anyone interested in this fascinating and, often, saddening subject.

But it is much more than a chronicle of changing tastes and styles. Like Brice, M. Gallet has a great deal to say which will be of value to the social historian, on such subjects as the architecture of libertinage, the environment of masters and servants. He quotes a little-known novel of Bastille, *La Petite maison*, which illustrates better even than *Les Liaisons dangereuses* an architectural fantasy favoured by late-eighteenth-century society: the hero, the Marquis de Trémouille, seeking to impress "la belle Mélite", takes her to a small pavilion that he has had constructed in a park, not far from Paris. Preceded by a Negro page, who lights the chandeliers and clusters of candles in their path—the Marquis has arranged for the visit to take place after nightfall—the girl's woodwork increases with the discovery of each new marvel: *troupe-foeil* on the wall of the dining-room, a hunting scene that climbs up with the grand staircase, ingenious mechanical devices at each storey, hangings in blue, woodwork in pale yellow, the larger rooms in white and gold, a profusion of monkeys, nymphs, dolphins, conchitophs, penguins, ceteras, waterfalls and grotesques among the decorative motifs, the visit increasing in inventiveness with each room, to culminate in the sheer amazement of the exquisite bedroom, the walls painted, according to the recommendations of *l'abbé Le Camus*, the recognized authority in the matter, in blue (as conducive to rest and sleep).

The Negro, after withdrawing the candles, disappears through a hidden door that responds to the pressure of a secret spring, taking the back staircase to his quarters, office and the ground floor (which is cold) or over the stairs. Left alone with the Mélite, Mélite, overcome with gratitude, admiration and wonderment, speculates in his arms. Architecture in the service of seduction. Is not the whole theme of abjection, the

enlèvement, in fact an architectural exploration? Is not the division between *côté cour* and *côté jardin* not merely a search for privacy, an affirmation of prestige and a stage convention? Is it not also an aid to abjection? *La belle* waits with a candle at one in the morning, *côté jardin*, a Picard servant produces a ladder, while liveried servants light the way with flaming torches, a closed carriage is waiting at the corner of the street, driven by a coachman with his face covered. The next morning, *la belle* wakes up in some "pavillon de Hanovre", finds herself facing on a walled park, with sphinxes vaguely seen in the morning mist. Watteau was perhaps more of a social realist than has generally been imagined.

One is surprised at the absence of architectural metaphors in the seduction scenes in *Les Liaisons*. But Sophie does not have the advantages to be derived from images in the direction of the hell-poll. Lancelot was an artillery officer not an architect, and he conducted seduction, as he might have done a siege, in military terms. The second staircase might be used to keep the servants away from their masters; but it could also come in useful, in the case of *Marianne*. The increasingly elaborate mechanical devices adopted in the course of the century were not only designed to keep the servants at a distance; they too could be instruments of seduction. M. Gallet has hit upon an interesting theme.

The architecture of class division

He also helps us to understand the intense resentments of the enormous armies of servants. "The ground floors were cold in winter. In the Palais-Royal and the Hôtel de Noailles, we find them almost entirely reserved for pages, gentlemen waiting and servants." Liveried servants, secretaries, and so on, were generally lodged in rooms of six to eight beds above a stable of thirty horses; it is doubtful whether even resident chaplains would have been much better housed. Equally, the cruel meanness of the mezzanine, as opposed to the splendour of the *ter*, in any ordinary eighteenth-century town house, further emphasized class divisions in terms of location. The mezzanine, like the servants' room over the stables, was no doubt a school for revolutionary militancy. And, as mechanical devices became more and more ingenious, personal enmities between master and servant became rarer. The servant's work might be lessened, but his resentment correspondingly increased.

In another sense, too, late-eighteenth-century architectural styles might be said to have contributed to class antagonisms. The detached block of the Italian villa, writes M. Gallet of the 1780s, "suggested the secluded precinct of the hotel court. It was a separate ivory city, at this moment who aristocratic society stood at the edge of the abyss, looking down at the vulgar of the Third Estate."

A very good point. These connoisseurs were furthering the century fantasy world, a dream of a long time ago, a dream of a long time ago, a dream of a long time ago. In former events, Dickens would, rightly or wrongly, have been a good deal more than a stage device, which reached, as he might have done a siege, in military terms. The second staircase might be used to keep the servants away from their masters; but it could also come in useful, in the case of *Marianne*. The increasingly elaborate mechanical devices adopted in the course of the century were not only designed to keep the servants at a distance; they too could be instruments of seduction. M. Gallet has hit upon an interesting theme.

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STORY

The shaping of the European mind

JOSEPH LICHTHEIM:

in the Twentieth Century
plus 42 plates. Weidenfeld
Nelson. £4.50.

The preface tells us, the aim of this illustrated survey of Europe, from the Soviet Union, from 1900 to 1950, is to bring into view the total European civilization, the total European culture, the total European mind. The book is a survey of the impact of social and technological change. Europe, George Bernard Shaw suggests, should no longer be an aggregate of national states, but as a totality, with the social and cultural mind of the continent. While admitting that a method is controversial, the same for "the empirical approach" still favoured by the majority of historians in the English-speaking world. This is indeed an approach "from a personal and subjective view". Dr. Lichtheim is an anti-Marxist with an eye for Vico and Hegel, much influenced by the Frankfurt School of thought. Adorno and Habermas.

Through the book philosophical ideas and scientific trends are set against the background of major political, military and economic developments. These are briefly but neatly considered with the help of relevant secondary works, and each chapter is followed by a useful bibliography. The first part surveys the years before 1914, the age of imperialism: the social fabric, the decline of liberalism and the success of nationalism, the trend away from metaphysical idealism towards a new view of the world, dominated by positivism, phenomenology and psychoanalysis. In literature Proust and Joyce, in art Cubism and the functionalism of the new architecture are given their proper place. The second part considers war and revolution from 1914 to 1919 and Europe during the interwar period, with special emphasis on the crisis of liberal democracy and on the com-

mas. Favouring a sociological dialectic, he is opposed equally to the blandishments of neo-positivism and structuralism and to the lure of speculative philosophies of history of the Spengler and Toynbee type.

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between scientism and humanism, the cultural historian does not deliver the goods.

When Dr. Lichtheim argues that it is "the business of philosophy to bring reason into the world including the world of science", one cannot help reflecting that it is also the business of the historian to strike a reasonable balance between the totality of his vision and important facets. Admittedly, every survey of this kind is bound to be shaped by the preferences and intellectual interests of its author—as by limitations of space. Unfortunately Dr. Lichtheim has not always escaped the danger of viewing things too much from his perspective of the 1970s, without considering their contemporary relevance.

For instance, like Peter Gay in his *Weimar Culture*, Dr. Lichtheim has much overrated the influence of the Frankfurt Institut für Sozialforschung in the early 1930s (different from its undeniable impact in the 1950s and 1960s). He ignores the fact that at the same university Karl Mannheim was then pioneering his "sociology of knowledge" with great intensity. In the sociological debates around 1930 *Ideology and Utopia* was a landmark; and in recent years Mannheim's sociology of knowledge has been further developed in the United States by some of his former disciples, such as K. H. Wolff and J. H. Gerth. And why does Dr. Lichtheim concern himself with the majestic Thomas Mann without bothering about his brother Heinrich? All things considered, this is a thoughtful and provocative, but in the last analysis a rather disappointing, book.

Action Française

DANIEL CAPTAN PETER:

in the Twentieth Century
plus 42 plates. Weidenfeld
Nelson. £4.50.

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Mussolini

MARIO CERVINI:

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that, of nearly 1,000 notes on the chapters covering the White House years, only thirteen are references to unpublished letters or memoranda by Franklin D. Roosevelt, and many of these are of trivial significance.

The book's subtitle—'The Story of Their Relationship'—may, therefore, raise hopes which are bound to be disappointed. There is some information to supplement what is already known about Roosevelt in his earlier years. We now know for certain that Franklin's affair with a younger woman brought them to the brink of divorce in 1918. Eleanor believed that it was the probable effect of divorce on his political prospects that turned the scale in favour of marital fidelity. There are some slight but interesting insights on the daily routine at the White House (derived mainly from Mr Lash's conversations with Mrs Roosevelt and members of her family). The central problem of Roosevelt's personality and objectives remains as open to conjecture as before.

Lash's main purpose was, however, to do justice to Eleanor Roosevelt as a personality in her own right, and in this he succeeds beyond expectation. After the shock of her husband's infidelity in 1918 she seems to have made a deliberate decision that she must seek spheres of activity which would be entirely her own. Social work, charitable causes and teaching seemed to offer obvious possibilities. Franklin's paralysis forced her to become (in cooperation with Louis Howe) his unofficial political agent, with the special task of reminding the politicians that he intended to return to public life. When he became President it was natural for her to combine both roles and become the advocate of moral causes at the centre of government and an unofficial representative where the President could not become personally involved. At the same time she embarked on another activity as a "non-political" newspaper columnist and radio-speaker. Most of the money earned by these activities went to charitable causes in which she was interested, but there was some incongruity in the fact that the radio sponsors for the First Lady were, successively, a mattress manufacturer, the typewriter industry, a shoe manufacturer, and a maker of vanishing cream.

It is tempting to see Mrs Roosevelt personifying the soft side of the New Deal while Franklin took the hard line of practical politics. It is true that she was often preoccupied with the problems of individuals, with minor examples of injustice or suffering, and with issues or movements which were on the periphery of politics. Her one major independent venture—an experiment in rural resettlement at Arthurdale, West Virginia—was a sad failure, which illustrated all the faults of paternalism divorced from reality. However, she also became extremely adept at exploiting her unique position. She took advantage of the fact that no administrator, not even the head of a Government Department, could know for certain whether she spoke with or without the President's approval. When asked why the "non-political" views expressed in her newspaper column seemed so often to coincide with those of her husband, she answered: "You don't just sit at meals and look at each other." As a person whom people heard, on the

radio or read in the newspapers, she became the recipient of confidences and appeals which would never have reached the White House through official channels and, in selecting items from her correspondence to bring to the President's attention, she developed an acute sense of timing. She knew that voluminous memoranda would be passed to a subordinate, but, as she told one inquirer, "Franklin is always interested in any idea that can be written down on one page." On the other hand, Mr Lash quotes with approval Rexford Tugwell's recollection that

No one who ever saw Eleanor Roosevelt sit down facing her husband, and holding his eyes firmly, say to him, "Franklin, I think you should . . ." or "Franklin, surely you will not . . ." And even after many years he obviously disliked to face that devastatingly simple honest look that Eleanor fixed him with when she was aware of an injustice amenable to Presidential action or a good deed that he could do. . . . It would be impossible to say how often and to what extent American governmental processes have been turned in new directions because of her determination that people should be hurt as little as possible and that as much should be done for them as could be managed: the whole, if it could be told, would be formidable.

It is an interesting thought that the skills required in modern political life ensure that only the accidents of marriage or hereditary succession are likely to bring such a character to the centre of influence or authority.

Eleanor Roosevelt was in some respects an old-fashioned lady. Her moral views were unshakable, and her attitudes were typical of a patrician family traditionally compassionate towards those less fortunate than themselves. Too much can be made—and some will think that Mr Lash makes too much—of her early problems. Her father, Elliott Roosevelt (brother of Theodore), was an affable and irresponsible alcoholic; her mother was more virtuous than wise in handling him: both were dead before Eleanor was ten years old. This was a troubled background for a sensitive child, and she soon acquired a reputation for being shy and awkward.

From this point it is easy to develop an ugly duckling theme, and to later life Eleanor herself did a good deal to subsidize it in her autobiography. Against this it must be remembered that she was brought up in an atmosphere of inherited wealth, that her adolescent awkwardness was neither unusual nor uncommon, that she lacked neither company when she needed it nor opportunities for solitude, and that without being in any way precocious she was always intelligent enough to hold her own. In photographs she appeared plain, but she was not unattractive, and if Franklin had not swept her into marriage, there were other possible husbands. The shock of discovering her husband's infidelity was severe: but it was one which many other women approaching middle age have experienced and survived. What made her a remarkable woman was not the difficulties she surmounted but the way she seized the opportunities presented to her when luck, skill, ambition, and economic depression brought Franklin to the White House. She could easily have contented herself with the considerable social duties which fall upon the President's

wife and with the patronage of worthy but unexciting causes.

Old-fashioned morality pointed towards the problems which the orthodox New Dealers were likely to evade. There may be something a little forced in the way in which Mr Lash establishes her "relevance" for the contemporary world by devoting chapters to her views on race, her relations with communists, and her active association with student politics. However, her range of interests does illustrate a significant truth about the New Deal: initiated at the centre, it struck through to link up with the whole troubled underside of American society.

It is doubtful whether Eleanor Roosevelt understood the race problem, but she knew of its existence and its danger. She was lost in the intricacies of racial politics, but she realized that the present must listen to the future. In this way she added a dimension to Franklin Roosevelt's political genius, and did something to preserve the hope that the Democratic Party would remain the vehicle for humane change. In the war she found a role as "the GI's friend" which was perhaps more congenial and certainly earned her more widespread acclaim than her other activities. Mr Lash is good at describing her trip to the Pacific war zone, but his account of her visit to Britain is less successful. He had to

depend mainly upon Eleanor's own comments, and analysis was never her forte. At least the source is suspect which produced the following sentences:

That evening was Labor's night at the Palace. Ernest Bevin, the bluff and well-mannered minister of labor was a guest, as was Lord Winterton. "He's your only Socialist peer, Sir," Bevin remarked to the King. Conversation with the Labor man was easier than with Churchill, Bevin told her about "Bevin's boys"—the three hundred Indian workers whom he had brought to England to teach skills and trade unionism.

However, one can forgive a few lapses in a book which, for all its length, holds the reader. What shines through these pages is not so much the research (which has been considerable) or the style (which is easy without pretensions) but the patient sincerity of the subject and the author. *Eleanor and Franklin* is a permanent and valuable addition to the literature of the New Deal, and it is none the worse for having been so obviously a labour of filial love and admiration.

So, whether one approaches the New Deal through the eyes of intellectual outsiders, or through the experiences of a distinguished insider, it sprawls across the historiographical map. Whether the impulse came from the centre, or whether policies were themselves the product of more powerful forces, the New

Deal meant different things to different people, and roused different reactions in areas remote from the hectic atmosphere of Washington. It cannot be said that the Penguin edition, or turned, by some means, into a counter-revolutionary pamphlet. The New Deal before it, but most of them ended swept along in its current. I mark on insubstantial, but significance was its effect on the basic assumptions of Americans; in this view it is of limited importance, psychological implications, a momentary consequence.

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Poetry Magazines

Sir, I wonder whether I am alone in feeling that Ian Hamilton's Viewpoint (August 11) on the ten years of his magazine gave the impression that little else of any importance was happening in the little review sphere in this period.

It is this would be a pity, for of course there have been a number of valuable small magazines doing good work not counting those concerned with Scottish poetry in the past decade or so. In particular, and best among them all in my view, is *Argenta*, edited by William Crockett. This magazine has been in the field considerably longer than the *Review*, and has produced numbers of a quite comparable excellence for such one-man publications—the David Jones and Wyndham Lewis numbers, for instance, for *Argenta* was Kathleen Raine's first magazine. It is a magazine which is what it should be, free from journalism, from the blight of the academic censor, from overstatement or avant-gardism. . . . Since the *Criterion* there has not been, with the possible exception of *Horizon*, anything of the kind in England. With that view I largely agree.

TOM SCOTT,
1 Duddingston Park, Edinburgh EH15 1JN.

Derbyshire Record Series

Sir, In your notice (July 21) of the *Calendar of the Talbot Papers in the College of Arms*, edited by G. R. Batho, you mention it is made of the fact that this, like the preceding volume on the Shrewsbury Papers, results from the Joint Publication Series by which the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts seeks local herald societies to publish volumes that have both a local and national significance. As this point has, I believe, previously been noted, I hope that the recently new Record Series of the Derbyshire Archaeological Society may be given credit for having sponsored and supervised the editing of this volume. As you will be aware, the great advantage of this scheme for local publication is that the subscriber to a local society obtains a

volume at a much lower price than would a normal buyer. In this case a subscriber to the Derbyshire Record Series acquires for his annual subscription of £3 a large volume priced by HANS at £10.

L. M. BISHALL,
University of Sheffield, 85 Wilkins Street, Sheffield, S10 2TS.

William Davenant

Sir, A conjecture by A. M. Gibbs in his new edition of *The Shaker Parson and Songs from the Plays and Musicals of Sir William Davenant*, just published by the Clarendon Press, ought to have been strangled at birth and had better be disposed of now.

At line 43 of the poem "Written, when Colleton Goring was beleagued to the siege of Beuda," between stanzas on Alexander and Hannibal, Davenant refers, in the text of 1638, to "the Epick-Quarreller." Professor Gibbs assumes a reference to Ajax, and amends to the historical, not mythological, character of Hector. It is regrettable that he is wrong. Davenant is obviously referring to Pyrrhus, the most famous of the kings of Epirus. In the 1673 revision, "th' Epir of Warrior," "Epir of" must be a misreading of "Epirus". J. C. MAXWELL,
Balliol College, Oxford OX1 3BJ.

LOMA 1970

Sir, We were pleased to see the review of *LOMA 1970* (July 14). Your readers, however, may care to note that this publication has now been taken over by European Bibliographical Centre, Chiswick, 30 Cornhill Street, Oxford, OX1

TOGETHER THESE three books together may seem incongruous since Geoffrey Parrinder's "Encyclopedia of the World's Religions" is not primarily concerned with the religious problems of modern youth, as are the other two in this very different way. Far and away the best book of the three, it yet invites comparison with John Hinnells and Eric Sharpe's misleadingly entitled *Hinduism* since there is not only a highly competent article on Hinduism in Professor Parrinder's book but *Hinduism* also contains a second half which deals with the teaching of religion in schools.

There are plenty of books which are designed to fulfil this need. They are written largely by amateurs turned professionals in a subject in which, by definition, it is impossible to specialize. Since religious studies, in its broadest connotation, includes the religious thought, practice, emotions, organization, etc. of the whole human race. Of these Professor Parrinder's new "Encyclopedia" is by far the best. For he has not repeated the mistake he made in his recent *A Dictionary of Non-Christian Religions* where he attempted to cover the whole of mankind's religious experience entirely on his own. In the present work he has called in a panel of specialists to cover a very large proportion of man's experience of the "divine". He has eschewed the intellectual arrogance, "existential" during, or sheer cheek (call it what you will) of attempting to set himself up as an authority on all the religions of the world as not a few engaged in the religious education industry have done before him. Rather he has confined himself to "presenting the facts" as discerned by his collaborators. To quote the last paragraph of his conclusion:

This encyclopedia has tried to present the facts. It does not seek to judge or set up any standard but the truth (no capital T here). It reveals something of the wealth and variety of man's age-long quest.

In other words it is a take-it-or-leave-it book with little or no attempt made to corroborate the diversity of its content. The reader will find no patterns here, no mosaic of meaning or the lack of it, since he is honestly told not to expect or look for such improbabilities.

Among the writers on religious Professor Parrinder aligns himself with Herodotus, not with Thucydides. He is, however, a Christian and some present operators, he does not go out of his way to conceal it. He most emphatically protests against the syncretist dogma that "all religions are equal ways to the truth", and even goes far as to suggest that "the ancient Aztecs who held up the beating hearts of their victims to the sun, surely did not have as good a religion as the peaceful word of the Buddha". Even so, he thinks it necessary to put the word "good" into apostrophic quotation marks, so bedevilled is the modern mind by relativism, syncretism, behaviourism—and on a more universal scale by the religious affirmation of a "Good" that is beyond good and evil endemic in the East and injected into the West by Heraclitus, whose ghost continues to bedevil our Western minds.

One suspects that it is Professor Parrinder's Christian bias that impelled him not to exclude the Aztecs from his panorama of the religions of the world; as well as his desire, both scholarly and Christian, to expose the gigantic fallacy that "all religions are one". Hence too his inclusion of "Christianity" von Furer-Haimendorf's clinically neat analysis of the "Tribe Religions in Asia" which adds a far more trenchant OED to Professor Parrinder's refreshingly unmodern conviction than does his own rather disappointing piece on "Traditional Africa".

Disappointing too is his "Conclusion" which is a conclusion only in the sense that it gathers in those "modern" topics not included in the encyclopedia, such as Jung, Bertrand Russell, and John Robinson's unremarkable but notorious booklet *Honest to God*, which owed its success solely to the fact that a bishop of the Church of England should appear to deny everything hitherto associa-

Self-taught teachers of the unteachable

GEOFFREY PARRINDER (Editor): *Mim and his Gods*. Encyclopedia of the World's Religions. 440pp. Paul Hamlyn, £5.95.

JOHN R. HINNELLS and ERIC J. SHARPE (Editors): *Hinduism*. 224pp. Newcastle upon Tyne: Criel Press. Paperback, £2.

JACOB NEEDLEMAN: *The New Religions*. 242pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £2.75.

ted with Christianity. The "during" picaresques of Anglican divines never fail to overawe the nothingly agnostic British public so ready, as always, to see confirmation for the prejudices they derive from what they take to be science in the utterances of bishops simply because they are bishops and therefore supposed to be trustworthy exponents of the ecclesiastical establishment. Professor Parrinder's inclusion of *Honest to God* is, therefore, justified not because of any intrinsic importance it may possess but because it is the symptom of the "belief-unbelief" syndrome through which this country is passing.

So much for Professor Parrinder's own contributions to this generally impressive book. Passing to the book itself, the first comment must be that it is magnificently illustrated and the illustrations really illustrate, that is, illumine, and bring out the meaning of the text. The second must be that a book produced on so sumptuous a scale is so reasonably priced. Thirdly, the articles generally show a high degree of competence.

History and cultus

By and large the editor has left his contributors a good deal of latitude in dealing with their subjects and how they think best, but it is clear that most of them think in terms rather of history and cultus than in those of theology or ideology. Is this because the international association dealing with religion happens to call itself the International Association for the History of Religions, or simply that Christian theology has now become so arid and scholastic in the worst sense of that word that the avoidance of it, the very word has seemed *à la mode* to those who see themselves as the founders of a new (indiscipline)?

Of the major individual contributions that of W. A. C. H. Dobson is outstanding, as might be expected from so distinguished a sinologist with his keen and sympathetic understanding of the Chinese mind. Of the minor ones W. H. McLeod distinguishes himself with effortless superlativity since not only has he studied the Sikhs in depth, lived among them and conversed with them in their own language, but is thoroughly at home in Moghul India, both Muslim and Hindu: he is a scholar (a linguist), an historian, and something of a dervish in his own right.

Trevor Ling contributes an excellent article on Buddhism, particularly on the Theravada School with which he is most familiar, though he is weak on the Mahayana and weaker still on Tantrism. But he makes elementary philological mistakes supposedly in support of his own interpretations of Buddhist terms when those interpretations can find valid and undeniable support elsewhere. Two examples must suffice. It is not true to say that "in India in the Buddha's day *nibbana* meant 'cool'". What Professor Ling means, one supposes, is that the word *nibbana* which can legitimately be translated as "extinguished" does not mean "annihilated" as its frequent juxtaposition with the word *samsara*, "cooled", makes clear. Why not say so? Similarly his remarks about the literal meaning of *Shikha* (on page 234) may be etymologically full-true, but are unsupported by usage in either Vedic, Sanskrit, or Pali. Again the doctrine of "capital importance" to the Upanishads listed by Thomas R. Trautman (*samsara, karma, moksha, nirvana*) are in fact of capital importance to Buddhism in all its stages and only vaguely adumbrated in the Upanishads. They might have had more attention in Professor Ling's article where they properly belong. One misses too any mention of the Mahayana identification of *samsara* with *Nirvana* (Nigrahajñāna, etc.) which effectively transformed Buddhism from a Platonic dualism into an Aristotelian holism.

On Hinduism Professor Trautman adopts an original approach, rich in accidents, but showing little understanding of the pantheistic substance. On Islam Charles J. Adams is adequate, though obviously not at home among the Sufis, and where does he get the idea that "the Shi'ah believe that all the Imams suffered martyrdom at the hands of their enemies"?

David Goldstein on Judaism is frankly dull and vastly inferior to the brilliant performance of R. J. Zvi Werblowsky in the earlier *Encyclopedia of Living Faiths* edited by R. C. Zaehner. The article on Christianity does well to avoid all theological jargon, but does nothing to reinterpret this most extraordinary of all the religions, the centre of which is what has always been understood as a human sacrifice. The long catalogue of missionary activities towards the end is simply dull, as is the similar catalogue of the Muslim.

conquests at the beginning of the article on Islam. On Zoroastrianism Mr Hinnells fails sufficiently to stress the essential preoccupation of that religion, which is the problem of evil.

The other two books have little in common except that both are about religion and both are directed at the young. Together they represent divergent attitudes towards the dechristianized youth of today. Jacob Needleman is painfully aware of what he calls the "spiritual explosion" in America, while Mr Hinnells and Dr Sharpe offer predigested spiritual fare to supplant or rather supplement that arid, cautious, and numbing teaching of Christianity formerly glorified under the name of "divinity" which has done so much to turn generations of school-boys away from Christianity. Adams Huxley and Ling are typical examples of what divinity can do to alert young minds, and even the Jesuits with their vastly superior techniques gave birth to the phenomenon of Voltaire. Now, in place of the old divinity we are to have RE, which might be called "the teaching of the unteachable to the unteachable by the self-taught". This is not unfair since most teachers of the non-Christian religions have reached their present eminence through having distinguished themselves in some other field first. The only thing that most of them have in common is that, being academics, they must not obtrude any views they have on the beliefs of other men which they try to understand but rarely do.

Quantification

Thomas Merlon wrote that "there is an implicit contrast between the dry, academic, and official learning about religion and the living power of the word". *Hinduism* fits with uncommon ease into the first pigeon-hole. *The New Religions* investigates what the word preached by a galaxy of modern prophets is and how it seems to get through to the young and give meaning to their life. The blurb claims that *Hinduism* is

written by a team of specialists... It will be especially valuable to the Religious Education teacher, students in colleges of education, the university student of comparative religion; indeed anyone with an interest in either comparative religion, India or education. It is indispensable to those who work in community relations.

To describe any of the contributors

to this book as "specialist" leading. Until he was away from the RE industry Mr Hinnells indeed a specialist in Zoroastrianism, and particularly in Mithraism, he is surely never claimed to have a sense of a "specialist" in Hinduism. But why call this new discipline "an industry" (at its approach to the unteachable subject of religion) to work to work he is basically concerned with what he calls "dramaturgy", his understanding of dramatic composition, his awkward but economical term for so frequently that it is not the author himself was "dramaturg" and artistic director of the Opera from 1964 to 1969. Mr Lieber was born in Hungary and experience is certainly not limited to opera. As a cellist he held important posts in Budapest and acquired a reputation as a performer of the baroque, that largely forgotten repertoire, stringed instrument of the patron, Prince Nicholas Esterházy. In this book, however, he is solely absorbed with opera. He shows Mozart's growing stage fright from *Die Schindler's List* to *Don Giovanni*, giving most space to the operas—sixty pages, for example, on *Don Giovanni*.

Mr Lieber is informative, at times informal, and he writes for the knowledgeable Mozart-lover: he is himself, and his enthusiasm is the book's chief attraction. Many of his observations are original—on Mozart's association of keys, on the scoring with characters of situations—and he makes many references between the operas.

The eight bars at the end of the typically buffoon scene—soft, velvet wind chords above the bass organ-point, and the creaking, dreamy triads of the violins with the transparent homophony of the unexpectedly intertwined three singing parts—veil the basically comic situation with brightness and poetry.

Mr Lieber is most absorbing when he goes beyond the mere description of events, though the anonymous

Operatic alchemist

JOHN LIEBER: *Don Giovanni*. 242pp. Calder and Boyars. £3.25.

Not, as many are tempted to do, with other mediums: he sees the operas as a complete world in themselves. Within this world *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* are a trilogy, and *Die Zauberflöte* the final, great synthesis of flawless humanism. Here he considers that the kinship with Shakespeare's *Tempest* has been strangely ignored by musical history. On the subject of opera he finds *Time* impersonal though "beautiful concert music". "Mozart had by now left far behind this homely baroque world in which he had sincerely believed at the time of *Idomeneo*". And to *Idomeneo* Mr Lieber does full justice.

The author's "varying approach" is often disturbing. In the *Idomeneo* chapter his switches are alarmingly naive: "A sad, painful C minor motive in a diminished fourth modulates into D minor with a diminished second (sh): the victim is Idomeneus." This tendency to confuse metaphors persists. Here is a sample from his account of the Act II finale in *Figaro* (at the reconciliation just before Figaro's entry):

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publication of this study has unfortunately been long delayed; yet its appearance has come of a not inopportune time. Many years ago, the first serious attempts were made to reconstruct the playhouse known to audiences during Shakespeare's lifetime, much stress was placed upon the significance of the performances, and it was concluded that the physical conditions of the Globe and its companion houses. Even then, however, researchers were compelled to use that relevant documentary evidence was very meagre.

This gradually led to doubts, and ten years ago these were confirmed by two boldly stated declarations: first, that the famous Inn of the Charming Children, which had been firmly established before the appearance of this book. Concerning this the documents offer indisputable

scattered in London's taverns almost certainly took place, not in the central yards where they might seriously have interfered with normal inn business, but discreetly within large rooms or halls.

Such was the conclusion confidently set forth around 1940; but this volume now shows that presumably about the same time Charles Sisson was engaged in emphatically restoring his belief that there was a "continuous link between inn-yard theatres and other public theatres", while only a few years afterwards Herbert Berry, who had independently rediscovered the documents upon which Sisson's claim was founded, issued the results of his examination of those legal papers. Suddenly the case has been completely altered.

When we are told that Sisson's book is based on virtually the same records as those which have lately been described by Professor Berry, we might have assumed that *The Swan Theatre* does no more than duplicate what we know already. Certainly it is true that the basic fact—the public presentation of performances within inn yards—had been firmly established before the appearance of this book. Concerning this the documents offer indisputable

Anti-Mongol theatre

and Buddhist monks who won immortality or enlightenment. Others were more overtly political, depicting contemporary Mongols on stage as boorish, lawless and cruel or choosing a plot which was inherently anti-Mongol, as in the story of Wang Chao-chun, the prince's friend from China against her will to serve the barbarian Khan, which the great Yuan playwright Ma Chih-yuan used in his play *Autumn in the Han Palace*, translated here by Liu Jung-en.

The drama of this period is in many ways reminiscent of the Elizabethan theatre, with the competition and cooperation between scholars and professional actor-managers as playwrights, the need to satisfy the groundlings and the educated members of the audience alike, the freedom to move from broad farce or variety acts to high poetry within

translator (himself?) may be to blame. His book appeared in Hungary in 1961. Can one "tell with brightness"? Possibly with Mozart, for whom comedy and tragedy were never far apart? At any rate every Mozart-lover will warm to Mr Lieber when he finds in him "all the richness of life with its thousand and one faces, its overwhelming joy and dark, tragic depths".

Yet "Mozart was entirely and exclusively a musician... Some of his libretti were hardly acceptable as literature, yet they were transformed into drama and poetry by his music." Here we meet a kind of paradox. He expressed the richness of life in music so directly and instinctively that "verbal explanation was unnecessary". Those nonsympathetic to opera as an art-form may prefer to revel in the unspoken profundities of the G minor String Quintet, but the power of Mozart's music to probe into more specific subtleties of human emotion and character cannot be denied. On the subject of *Figaro*, Mr Lieber quotes *The Paradox of the Opera* by his compatriot Sándor Hevesi:

Beaumarchais's chambermaid, Susanna, is a quick-speaking, shrewd and crafty person who is first and foremost a very prosaic character. In the last act of the opera Mozart gives her an aria by which this character is elevated into a sphere Beaumarchais could never reach.

To Susanna we might add the names of Barbarina, Papagena, Leporello, Don Juan... but this "elevation" is what Mr Lieber's book is all about.

evidence. On the other hand, the evidence they provide concerning the physical arrangements is by no means so clear. This careful interpretation becomes necessary—and it is fortunate that this reconstruction has been executed by one who was notably expert in the handling of both documentary and theatrical evidence.

Besides, Sisson's account is no mere dry-as-dust, resumed examination of long-forgotten records. It is a lively picture which assimilates an important tavern stage with the inn who guided its fortunes, that "swirl of the Elizabethan theatre-world". Robert Browne, who perhaps more than any other was responsible for carrying into Europe knowledge of what the English actors were doing. If we think in national terms, then Burbage is the man, and his Glinbe is the theatre; but we must recognize that first players abroad and even his playhouse must have remained almost unknown, while to numerous overseas spectators, particularly those in Germanic and Dutch territories, Browne must have been familiar as the leader of those "English comedians" who repeatedly carried into foreign parts their productions from London's Swan Theatre.

Schubert's heir

ERIC SAMS: *Brahms Songs*. 68pp. BBC Publications. Paperback, 45p.

This is a discriminating, subtle and elegant guide to Brahms's after-natally poignant and mercurial songs. A few of the latter, "yodelling along in the well-known folksong strain" (as Hugo Wolf scathingly remarked), verge occasionally on the commonplace. Why bother so much about some not very significant or striking folksong? None the less, proudly and, on the whole, quite justifiably, Eric Sams acclaims Brahms as Schubert's heir. True, he possessed comparatively little of "the musico-complexity" of the more tortured and, as Frank Walker used to say, more individual and profound Wolf.

Despite some lapses into insipidity, Brahms remains the inspired creator of many delicate and remarkably evocative, as well as very popular songs. Unlike the austere Wolf, he was not afraid of descending to the level of the multitude. Gladly he regaled them with joyous, tender, easily accessible melodies. Somehow he managed to infuse such works with an almost magical enchantment, at times even female admirers and champions?

Czech Master

JIM CLAPHAM: *Smetana*. 161pp. Dent. £2.10.

John Clapham is unlucky in the timing of his critical biography, since the need for such a study in English which had been felt for many years was met only a year and a half ago by a more substantial monograph by Brian Large. Dr Clapham's work on an equally substantial biography of Dvořák gave him a knowledge of the formidable Slavonic language and the nineteenth-century history of Czechoslovakia, so that if Smetana was to have a place in the "Master Musicians" series he was an obvious author to undertake it.

Is then Smetana a "Master"? He is regarded as the founder of a national school of composition which has enriched Europe with the work not only of Dvořák but also of Suk, Fibich, Janáček and Martinů though so far as Britain is concerned not much of Smetana's music is known than *The Bartered Bride* and the autobiographical string quartet. Thus his piano music, which is considerable in quantity and an important part of his output, is not to be heard in public performance nor is it used by teachers. The fact that he wrote very few songs, unlike Dvořák, cuts off another possible access to us—only his five Evening Songs were

an aristocratic distinction. Does this, possibly, explain his reverence for Bizet, who possessed a similar gift and inspired Brahms with what, at moments, amounted almost to an inferiority complex?

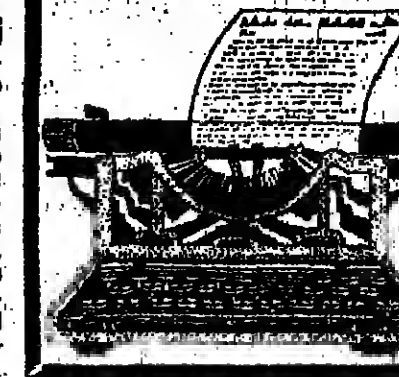
In his conscientious and discerning survey Mr Sams does full justice to Brahms's mastery in what several critics still tend to regard as a deceptively easy art. But, after all, those last queer, disjointed years culminated in the final impressive "Vier ernste Gesänge", in which Brahms once again reveals himself as an incomparable interpreter of the insoluble mysteries of life, love and death. Uneasily, he was by now aware that already he was nearing the end of his own existence. Ethel Smyth, who did not really like him, records sadly: "He fought against his doom; like a child when bedtime comes, he wept and protested that he did not want to go."

Gerald Abraham, the editor of the scholarly and fascinating "BBC Music Guides" series, has chosen his contributor with his usual acumen. Is it, perhaps, a trifle churlish to add that the enthusiastic Mr Sams knows far more about Brahms's music than he does about the master's coeval, but often not very discerning magical enchantment, at times even female admirers and champions?

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Pomegranates

It rained last night. The pomegranates, Red and orange-red, Have all burst open into flower.

Not to be comforted, I sit in this cool pavilion, Set in a lotus lake, And under its glass-bead curtains wait For my closed heart to break.

SIN HUM (1566-1628)

The Mind of Man

Green willows, yes; but the paulownia Acre and gives one more.

The rhythm of the rain on the paulownia Out-reaches metaphor, For it is no less than the mind of man.

Tuned by the ancient rage Of wind and frost, paulownias are Green harps from a golden age.

KIM SU-JANG (1658-1765)

Translated from the Korean by GRAEME WILSON

